*Ro.* O God I haue an ill diuining soule,
Me thinkes I see thee now, thou art so lowe,
As one dead in the bottome of a tombe,
Either my eye-sight failes, or thou lookest pale.
*Rom.* And trust me loue, in my eye so doe you:
Drie sorrow drinkes our bloud. Adue, adue. *Exit*

*Iu.* O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle,
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renowmd for faith? be fickle Fortune:
For then I hope thou wilt not keepe him long,
But send him backe.

*Enter Mother.*

*La.* Ho daughter, are you vp?
*Iu.* VVho is't that calls? it is my Lady mother:
Is she not downe so Late or vp so early?
VVhat vnaccustomd cause procures her either?
*La.* VVhy how now *Iuliet.*
*Iu.* Madam I am not well.
*La.* Euermore weeping for your Cozins death?
VVhat wilt thou wash him from his graue with teares?
And if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him liue:
Therefore haue done, some griefe shewes much of loue,
But much of griefe, shewes still some want of wit.
*Iu.* Yet let me weepe, for such a feeling losse,
*La.* So shall you feele the losse, but not the friend
VVhich you weepe for.
*Iu.* Feeling so the losse,
I cannot chuse but euer weepe the friend.
*La.* VVell girle, thou weepst not so much for his death,
As that the villaine liues which slaughtered him.
*Iu.* VVhat villaine Madam?
*La.* That same villaine *Romeo.*
*Iu.* Villaine and he be many miles a sunder:
God pardon, I doe withall my heart:
And yet no man like he, doth grieue my heart.

*La.* That



*La.* That is becausse the Traitor liues.
*Iu.* I Madam from the reach of these my hands:
Would none but I might venge my Cozins death.
*La.* We will haue vengeance for it, feare thou not.
Then weepe no more, Ile send to one in *Mantua,*
Where that same banisht runnagate doth liue,
Shall giue him such an vnaccustomd dram,
That he shall soone keepe *Tibalt* company:
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.
*Iu.* Indeede I neuer shall be satisfied
With *Romeo,* till I behold him. Dead
Is my poore heart so for a kinsman vext:
Madam if you could find out but a man
To beare a poyson, I would temper it:
That *Romeo* should vpon receit thereof,
Soone sleepe in quiet. O how my heart abhors
To heare him namde and cannot come to him,
To wreake the loue I bore my Cozin,
Vpon his body that hath slaughtered him.
*Mo.* Find thou the meanes, and ile find such a man,
But now ile tell thee ioyfull tidings Gyrle.
*Iu.* And ioy comes well in such a needy time,
What are they, beseech your Ladyship?
*M.* VVell, well, thou hast a carefull father child.
One who to put thee from thy heauines,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of ioy,
That thou expects not, nor I lookt not for.
*Iu.* Madam in happy time, what day is that?
*M.* Marry my child, early next Thursday morne,
The gallant, young, and Noble Gentleman,
The Countie *Paris* at Saint *Peters* Church,
Shall happly make thee there a ioyfull Bride.
*Iu.* Now by Saint *Peters* Church, and *Peter* too,
He shall not make me there a ioyfull Bride.
I wonder at this hast, that I must wed
Ere he that should be husband comes to woe:

I